

It wasn't

A burglar alarm
she was worried about
she could put all of her
dimestore jewelry
in a champagne glass
and still pour herself
a drink she could get
drunk on

the trouble was
she knew she
looked like a whore
and nothing
she could do about it

What good
was a burglar alarm
with a figure
like that

How much

It's going
to cost me

It's not just

The seat
of
my pants

The shirt
off

My back